

PREACHER MEETS DEATH AT MAIN ST. CROSSING.

Circus Train Speeding Through Town at 40 Miles an Hour Crushes Life Out of Rev. Jno. McRae Sunday Morning. Preacher was on His Way to His Charge.

Caught by a circus train speeding at the rate of 40 miles an hour, Rev. Jno. McRae, a well-known colored preacher, was struck and ground to death at the Main street crossing of the Atlantic Coast Line at an early hour Sunday morning. Death was almost instantaneous and the buggy in which the unfortunate man was riding was crushed into kindling wood.

The tragedy was witnessed by several gentlemen who were on their way to the postoffice for their early morning mail. Rev. McRae was on his way to Sellers where he had several churches at which he was to preach that day. He left his home and drove down Main street in a leisurely way. As he approached the Main street crossing of the Atlantic Coast Line he was reading his Bible, presumably looking over the texts of some of the sermons he was to preach that day, and was so deeply absorbed in the book that he failed to notice the swiftly approaching train. Just as he reached the crossing the train bore down upon him and he was seen to throw up his hands and make an effort to jump but the train was upon him and before he could move the buggy was dashed into fragments and he was thrown 20 feet to the side of the tracks. Bystanders rushed to his assistance but he never regained consciousness and after gasping once or twice his life flickered out. The Bible in which the unfortunate man seemed to be so deeply absorbed was found lying unopened near the body. The horse he was driving was uninjured.

The train was the second section of No. 78, the morning passenger, and was carrying the Johnny Jones Carnival Co., which is to show at Timmonsville this week. Witnesses of the tragedy said that the engineer gave the usual signals but the train was moving at a rapid rate. The engineer said just as he reached the crossing he looked ahead and saw the front part of the buggy and horse but before he could touch the emergency brake the engine was upon the vehicle and the next moment there was a fearful crash that told of the tragedy.

Rev. McRae was about 60 years old and had been preaching in this community for a number of years. He was pastor of several churches near Sellers and his popularity among his parishioners was evidenced by the large number of colored people who came up from Sellers Sunday morning after learning of the tragedy.

He was a prominent Odd Fellow and the members of his order gathered from far and near to lay the body at rest Monday afternoon. He was a thrifty man and had accumulated some property.

He leaves several children and a host of friends among both races to mourn his untimely and tragic taking off.

Mr. R. S. Rogers, a popular young man of Gaddys Mill, left for Woodruff, S. C., Friday night on a very happy mission. On Tuesday night he was wedded to Miss Bruce Parsons, a popular young lady of that town. After a brief honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Rogers will return to Gaddys Mill where the young bride will receive a very cordial welcome from the groom's many friends.

Mother.

"Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed furrows in her cheeks—but is she not sweet and beautiful now! The lips which have kissed many tears from the childish cheeks are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eye is dim, yet it grows with the rapt radiance of a holy love which can never fade. Oh, yes, she is a dear old mother. Her sands of time are nearly run out, but as feeble as she is she will go further and reach down lower for you than will any man on earth. You cannot walk into midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars shall keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach and bless you. In evidence of her deathless love, when the world shall depose and forsake you—when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed—the dear old mother will gather you up in her feeble arms, carry you home and tell you of your virtues until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with holy devotion."

The State Railroad Commission composed of Messrs. Sullivan, Earle and Caughman arrived in Dillon Monday and were met by Supt. Hancock of the North & South Carolina railroad who took them over the new road on a tour of inspection. The party was taken to Little Rock on a motor car where they boarded a special train and were carried over the road as guests of Supt. Hancock. As the road has not been graded into Dillon the line was inspected only as far as Little Rock, but it will be only a few days before they will begin to operate trains out from Dillon. The road is now in full operation from Little Rock to Hamlet, a doubly daily service having been put on Monday. A representative of The Herald accompanied the commissioners as the guest of Supt. Hancock and The Herald will soon have something interesting to say concerning the territory through which the new road runs.

Here is a minister who appreciates the editor. At a recent editorial convention he offered the following toast: "To save an editor from starvation, take his paper and pay for it promptly. To save him from bankruptcy, advertise in his paper liberally. To save him from despair, send him every item of news of which you can get hold. To save him from profanity write your correspondence plainly on one side of the sheet and send it in as early as possible. To save him from mistakes, bury him. Dead people are the only ones who never make mistakes."

A word to you sonny—you little twelve or thirteen-year-old boy who is smoking cigarettes on the sly. What do you want to be when you grow up—a stalwart, healthy, vigorous, broadshouldered man, or a little, puny, measly, no count weak-minded dude? If you want to be a man, strong like a man, with hair on your face, brains in your head and muscles in your limbs, you just let those cigarettes alone. If you want to be a thing, pitied by your folks despised by the girls, and held in contempt by the fellows, keep right on smoking and end your days in the insane asylum.

We got so many new subscribers last week, after ordering our paper, that most of our exchanges had to be slighted. We would say by way of apology that we hope the same thing may happen often.

A gentleman said the other day that one of the first things the New County ought to do after the county machinery is put in motion is to clay the sandbed over the New Bridge and The Herald heartily endorses the suggestion. Quite a large volume of trade comes to Dillon from the territory over the New Bridge and by claying this sandbed the volume of trade could be increased. The fact that many farmers haul produce over this sandbed to reach the Dillon markets argues well for Dillon as a trade centre.

Colcock is Right.

The following kind words from a good friend in Columbia will be appreciated by The Herald's readers:

Columbia, S. C., Oct. 27, 1909
Dear Friend Jordan:
Allow me to congratulate you and the good people of Dillon. I know you will have a New County now. Prof. Colcock did the right thing and I told everybody in advance that he would. Here's wishing you every success."

The above is from a well-known South Carolinian whose name is withheld for obvious reasons, but who keeps up closely with the trend of events.

Sunday morning a large crowd of people of different denominations assembled in the Methodist Church, the occasion being the Memorial services of the late Dr. James H. Carlisle, President Emeritus of Wofford College. The choir rendered some very sweet music, prepared for the occasion, and after a few words by the pastor, Rev. W. C. Kirkland, Hon. P. B. Sellers, a Wofford College graduate, delivered a very able address, telling of his associations with Dr. Carlisle, and of the great influence of the "grand old man." Hon. Jas. B. Gibson, who is also a graduate of Wofford, spoke most feelingly of Dr. Carlisle and how his heart to heart talks with the great educator guided him over the rough roads often found in college life. Services closed with Dr. Carlisle's favorite hymn, followed by the doxology.

On Tuesday afternoon at 5 o'clock Hon. E. C. Edwards, was married to Miss Nannie Lewis at the home of the bride's father, Mr. A. C. Lewis, near Mullins. The ceremony was witnessed by only the friends and relatives of the bride and groom and was performed by Rev. J. L. Daniel and Rev. Dove Tiller. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards left immediately for Raleigh where Mr. Edwards goes as a delegate to the Farmer's National Congress. Mr. Edwards is a popular member of the Marion delegation and has many friends over the county who offer him their congratulations.

Inspecting the New Road.

Monday morning commissioners B. L. Caughman, J. M. Sullivan and Maj. John N. Earl on their arrival in Dillon were met by Capt. Hancock, general superintendent, at the terminus of the road on Main street with his splendid motor car. Soon the party were skimming along at a lively pace over what will soon be the popular outlet for the growing wealth of this God favored land.

In a short while the new depot at Little Rock will be completed. Here our friend D. N. Oliver was holding down the telephone hitched to a post, and dispatching and receiving freight. His genial smile did not leave him while the bosses were in sight.

Next the little motor steamed out to Mentor the second depot from Dillon 4.9 miles distant; here near the margin of Donoho bay the same class of depot was in fine condition presided over by Mr. Meadows, son of the well known presiding elder. A ginnyery has been established here. The concrete wall for the cotton platform has been filled with sand hauled a distance of 35 miles. All this means permanency and will hold good through the ages. Mr. Bousal joined the party here, making six in all. Clio the next depot on the road 5.8 miles distant, reaching this place in front of E. Sternberger Co., the party alighted and sought Mrs. Evans hotel where an ample repast had been provided and was in waiting for these hungry travelers.

The commissioners were impressed with the panoramic view they had of the many luxuriant fields of cotton, corn and cane as they speeded over the iron rails. The talk was all of railroads and the produce that would keep them at work.

Here the party separated, commissioners taking the Latta road for Columbia, Captains Hancock and Bousal continued the journey McCall-ward, while ye scribe deflected his course at Red Bluff, and by strictly private conveyance tumbled in on his hospitable kinsman half mile distant, and by the Latta road reached Dillon the day after, feeling deeply impressed. This portion of the old Palmetto state has a glorious future before it.

What Southern Soils Need Most.

If any one need of Southern soils could be singled out as the greatest, then unquestionably that greatest need would be organic nitrogen—nitrogen—supplied through the agency of decaying vegetation. That nitrogen is needed on almost all our soils, thousands of experiments and almost universal observation prove beyond doubt. That farmers recognize this fact, is also proved by the millions of dollars annually spent in the purchase of commercial nitrogen.

Dr. J. F. Workman of Charleston has returned to Dillon to resume his position as prescription clerk at Brunson's Pharmacy.

Quite a Mistake.

A lady visitor at Blackpool was bathing and was on the point of drowning when a boatman, who is a local wag, went to her assistance. Later in the day he called where she was staying and saw a gentleman, who, seeing the lady in difficulties, had offered £20 to anyone who would rescue the lady. This conversation took place:

Boatman—I am the man who saved the lady, sir, and I thought I'd call and see about the £20.

The Gentleman—Y-e-s, I know but when I made the offer I thought it was my wife who was in danger and it turned out it was my wife's mother.

Boatman—Just my luck! Well, sir, how much do I owe you?—London Tit Bits.

Before you purchase your fall goods look over The Herald's advertising columns and you will find that the merchant who advertises has something attractive to offer in the way of bargains. It will save you time in making your purchases and then by patronizing the merchant who advertises you are certain not to get shelf-worn goods. As a rule the merchant who advertises has something to offer just a little better than the "other fellow's" and he wants the public to know it.

Learning from a Negro.

We ran across an old negro the other day who can neither read nor write, but who has kept his eyes open, and has reached some progressive conclusions that ought to make some of our white farmers rather ashamed of themselves by comparison.

When he hauled his cotton to market the other day, this negro got a better price per pound than our white farmers have been getting, because the buyer said it was about the best bale that he had seen this season. The old negro never lets a bale lie out in the weather, but keeps it housed, and when he gins his cotton he always instructs the ginner to put good bagging on it.

"I have always noticed" said the old darkey in talking to us, "that anything that looks nice and good no matter what it is, fetches more money. The good bagging that I put on my cotton costs twenty cents a bale extra, and I believe I sometimes get \$2.00 more on account of the neat-looking bagging, not to say anything of the better price I get on account of keeping the cotton dry and under shelter."

Draws Plan for his Coffin.

Spartanburg, October 28.—Special: J. B. Bates, convicted of murdering Mrs. Docia Boiter and sentenced to be hanged October 29, and whose case has been appealed, addressed a letter to L. A. Justice, house builder and enclosed plans and specifications for his coffin. The drawing was made on the back of an old envelope, and on the other side was a note asking that the coffin be made as cheaply as possible, as he did not wish to pay more than \$20 for the casket. He directed that it be painted with shoe blacking, and that pieces of rope be used for the handles. Bates suggested that the coffin be brought to the jail at night, and that it be wrapped up so as to keep it secret from the public.

LEXINGTON ROMANCE.

Lexington, Oct. 27.—One of the most romantic marriages that has, perhaps, ever occurred in which a Lexington county young woman was a principal figure has just recently come to light. The young woman is Miss Anna Corley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Corley of near Lexington. She left her home a few weeks ago saying that she was going to Columbia to visit a friend. However, the family was a little suspicious, but there was no objection to her visiting her friend. It has since developed that she stopped in Columbia only a few hours, and then boarded a northbound train for Washington, where she met her fiancé, the man she had been corresponding with for more than three years.

The Mount Vernon Herald of Skagit county, Washington, of October 14, has the following very interesting account of the marriage.

"Married on Monday, October 12, by Rev. H. G. Ward, pastor of the M. E. Church, Mr. S. B. Shillinger of Skagit county and Miss Anna B. Corley of Lexington, S. C."

"The above paragraph is the culmination of a beautiful romance that began three years ago with an exchange of letters between a hardy and prosperous Western ranger and a beautiful young lady of rare accomplishments from one of the fine old families of the sunny South. They commenced corresponding in a desultory sort of way, and finally exchanged pictures. And that was when Cupid's arrow went straight to the mark. Shillinger saw a face that he was willing to sit opposite to at the table for the next 100 years, and watch her pour coffee and cut the pie; and she saw the features of the unconscious tenant of her heart ever since it had begun to flutter and yearn for a mate.

"But to make sure that Cupid was not playing a prank upon them, they kept up the correspondence for three years, learning each other's tastes and methods of housework, farming, and probably with the practical idea peculiar to Western men, learning each other's views as to whose duty it is to start the fire in the morning and split the kindling at night. And all the time Cupid was drawing the silken cord tighter and tighter around their hearts, until finally the willow and the oak—the North and the South—came together on this Western shore last Friday afternoon, as they looked into each other's eyes and clasped hands, each realized that their souls had been searching for each other since their reincarnation."

"Saturday was necessary to remove the dust of travel, and the quiet Sabbath gave them opportunity to get used to each other and on Monday they sought out Cupid's family physician, the Methodist preacher, and the romance was made perpetual."

The parents and friends of Miss Corley have heard from her since the marriage, and she has described many of the beautiful scenes, the snow-kissed mountain tops, seen on her journey from Washington to her new home near Mount Vernon. She states that she is well pleased with her surroundings, as well as her choice of a man.

A n unoccupied man cannot be happy—nor can one who is improperly occupied. We have idlers among us, that is men who pursue no useful occupation, and sponge their way, often enjoying the luxuries of life, living upon the hard earnings of others. In this grand and glorious country no one need be without an honorable occupation.

THRILLING VOYAGES.

Long Trips Made in Very Small Boats.

By what means will man next attempt to cross the Channel? The question naturally arises as one reads of the many curious and novel methods by which men have tried of late years to cross from Dover to Calais. It was only a day or two after Blieriot's successful flight across the Channel that a man named Westlake announced his intention of crossing on a plank 2 feet wide, 18 inches long and 2 inches thick fitted with a mast and sail and two empty old drums to give it buoyancy. Westlake, however, was picked up more dead than alive off the Belgian coast but still hopes to accomplish the feat.

A few days later Thomas Wakerell set out to row across the Channel in a boat of his own construction, consisting of two planks, with sides a few inches high. He was ultimately picked up in the North Sea and landed at Rotterdam.

Some two or three years ago four old Etonians attempted to row from Dover to Calais, in a four-oared sculling boat, but before they got half way across the Channel the boat was swamped and the crew nearly drowned. That is not impossible however, to cross the Channel in a very small boat, was proved some time ago by a young Frenchman named Felix Chausois, who, alone and unaided, crossed from Dover to Calais in a canoe in twenty-seven hours, and seemed little the worse for his adventurous voyage.

Mention of the Westlake and Wakerell homemade craft reminds one of the journey made last year by Capt. G. Johnson, a veteran member of the Harlem River Rowing Club, U. S. A., who in a frail racing shell a little under 21 feet in length, ingeniously made by himself from newspapers from all parts of the world, rowed from St. Augustine, in Florida, to New York, a distance of 12,000 miles. The entire journey was for the most part of the salt water several hundred miles of it being on the open sea. In all, about 3,000 sheets of newspapers were used in building the boat, being welded together and made waterproof by shellac.

Mr. Jack London the famous novelist, accomplished one of the most remarkable voyages on record when he toured the world in a tiny little yawl named the Snark, which was only 45 feet long. Some remarkable voyages however, have been made across the Atlantic. Two years ago a dismasted yawl named Catherine, with Captain Small, a mate and a tailless cat on board, sailed into New York harbor. The tiny vessel had left Liverpool five months earlier, and had succeeded in crossing the ocean.

The voyage reminds one of that made by Alfred Johnson, who sailed from America to Liverpool in an open boat only 21 feet long. When off the Irish coast Johnson's miniature liner capsized in a heavy sea, but he managed to right the boat. He completed his journey in forty-seven days, covering a distance of more than 3,000 miles.

Two Norwegians in 1896 made a successful voyage from New York to Havre in an 18 foot boat, the Fox, which drew only 2 feet of water. The trip was made in 63 days, after a most exciting experience the boat being overturned in mid-Atlantic, and everything she contained including her navigators washed overboard. They swam back, righted the boat, and a day or two obtained some victuals and instruments from a passing ship, refusing to be picked up.—Tit Bits.